Your Monster Met My Monster

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/42861936.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Pre-Slash, Dark Will Graham, Will Graham Knows, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Serial Killer Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal Lecter Finds Out, Canon Rewrite, Season/Series 01, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of A Sensitive Palate
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-05 Words: 847 Chapters: 1/1

Your Monster Met My Monster

by 305unreal

Summary

Will may be rude, but he's interesting. He's unpredictable, and Hannibal doesn't know what to do with that

Will shot Garret Jacob Hobbs, but it didn't go the way Hannibal planned. He'd expected the professor to try and save the wife, dying helplessly on the stoop. He thought Will would hesitate and attack only when the daughter was injured. But Will ignored the dying wife, and Hannibal heard a single shot fire out of his gun; when he'd arrived in the kitchen, he'd found Will sitting next to a wide-eyed Abigail, shielding her from her paralyzed father, the blood gurgling autonomously.

"No kill shot?" Hannibal had asked after they'd called Jack to the scene.

"He deserved to suffer," Will had casually answered. "I want lemonade."

And he'd left the scene, presumably to make lemonade.

Still, Jack believes Will needs therapy, so Will shows up at Dr. Lecter's office at 7:30 on the dot. Will bypasses the offered chairs in favour of climbing to the second floor and rummaging around the bookcases. Hannibal rubber stamps him, though partially because he's so curious about the rude man. Curious enough to 'befriend' rather than kill him.

"What you need is a way out of dark places when Jack sends you there."

Will stares back, over the railing, and into Hannibal's eyes.

"What if I *like* the dark places?"

Hannibal's eyes dilate, though he's unsure how to answer in a way that wouldn't reveal too much. Will looks away first, shrugging nonchalantly.

"The last dark place brought me a surrogate daughter," he pauses. "How much of what we talk about will you tell Jack?"

“I’ll only say something if I deduce you or I may be in immediate danger.”

Will weighs what he’s going to say before he decides to go with it. “Abigail helped her dad kill those girls. He was the hunter, and she was the fisher.”

There’s a long silence until the doctor speaks. “And how does that make you feel?”

“How does it make *you* feel?” He counters.

“I find it vulgar.”

Will hums, “I do too, in the sense that she was afraid to defy her father. If their relationship had been sturdier and the fishing had been her idea as well as his, I could understand that.”

“Really. How was the relationship between you and your family?”

Will lets the question stew in the air. When he’s no longer facing Hannibal, he cracks open a random book and speaks.

“My dad raised me until I was nine. The social worker placed me with a set of parents and an older sister that I didn’t get along with.”

“What happened there?”

“I drugged them when I was eleven and held them captive in an unfinished bunker in the deep woods surrounding our new house.” He answers flatly, setting the book back on the shelf. “And then I went back to Louisiana to find my real dad. You’d like him.”

“Your real dad?” Hannibal asks, completely off-guard from the quick story, though he tries his hardest to conceal emotion.

Will nods, turning back to face the psychiatrist. “He’s a hunter, but he never kills the innocent. Just the corrupt. Taught me to do the same. Hunt, kill, eat. Never waste. We made a name for ourselves. Of course, my name changed when I came to Virginia.”

Hannibal nods thoughtfully. *Where is he now? Is he still in Louisiana? What was your name?* “I see. Where is your father now?”

“Lafayette Cemetery.” There’s a brief pause, and then, “I can’t properly digest venison. Dad’s always said I have a sensitive palate.”

“Yet I seem to recall your talk of bagging a deer. Do you hunt for sport?”

A lazy smile crosses Will’s lips. “When I say *deer*, I don’t refer to the animal. It’s a hunting code. Deer are those who project peacefulness but display a raging storm behind closed doors. Rabbits don’t think about their consequences, pigs are too greedy; the list goes on. It’s never about the animal but about the code.” He walks halfway down the stairs and leans against the banister. “Judging by the lung I detected in your protein scramble, I’d say you follow a similar code, hmm?”

He's very careful to avoid the word ‘people’ or ‘human’. Is he trying to make me reveal who I am? Is this an FBI tactic? It doesn’t seem like one; otherwise, he’d be outing himself. Or his father.

“Potentially,” he finally answers.

“I saw who you are when I looked into your eyes,” Will informs him. “I saw your monster meet my monster. We’ve been at it about the same amount of time.”

“Oh?”

“You started when you were a teenager. Fifteen, I think. I was six when I went on my first solo fishing trip. That’s almost the same time, considering our age difference. Do you like lemonade?”

Hannibal blinks. “I suppose.”

“I have some at the farmhouse. Bring whatever you turned her lungs into. I doubt you used it all up in the scramble. We can have a little hunting date.”

Will’s gone before Hannibal can respond. But it makes him all the more intriguing. And definitely worth keeping around.

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